

**october lies.**

*'17 Halloween prompt  
challenge - II*

**delibell**

## october lies. by delibell

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**Summary:**

bill confesses his feelings and get's rejected :(

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### Author's Note:

this is written for @superwolfiestar 's "Beauty and the Beast Halloween prompt challenge"! this is day 4 and prompt autumn. also, this is partly a request from @weallhaveadestiny : Hello again! I absolutely love your work :D could you write something where reader has a boyfriend and bill is her best friend. Things start to get complicated when bill finally admits he has REAL feelings for her. Hope this inspires you! Much love xx

Summer died and autumn came in a blink of an eyelash. With a cup of warm drink you find yourself sitting in your apartment with a brand new book in your lap and a warm quilt hugging your shoulders, dotted with roses and daisies and butterflies of various colors. The light tapping of rain draws your attention from the mildly interesting read to the window: bleak skies, harsh wind and cold rain greet you. Together they blur the world into one grey indistinguishable mass. Somehow, it appears eerie to you at first glance and restless you try to find a comfortable position. When you finally do, however, the doorbell rings and you nearly spill the hot drink in surprise. You do not expect any visitors, your phone doesn't inform of any unseen messages or missed calls and your boyfriend has the key to your flat. So, who is it?

Lazily you roll out and throw the constraints of the blanket onto the couch, approaching the door. The bell chimes again and annoyance spikes in you, "Coming! Jeez..." You finish voiceless, in one swift motion unlocking the main entrance and prying it open, "Oh." You blink, eyes meeting familiar blue ones, "Hey, Bill." You finish with a smile, opening the door wider for him to step in. He gives you only a faint grin back, running a cold hand through his wet hair.

Once the two of you are inside you hand him a towel, offer to fix him a drink but he simply refuses, "Feel free to make yourself one if you change your mind." You tell him, throwing the blanket over your shoulders and jumping on the couch to the spot you sat before he had

showed up. You and Bill are friends, good friends, you met when you and your boyfriend had just started dating – Bill is a part of his massive group of friends, and out of all the ‘best mates’ you bothered to remember his only name. “What’s up?” You inquire, finding your mug of warm drink and blowing on its scorching surface.

There is something about Bill. Something odd you have noticed since the first time seeing him. Your boyfriend had said he is a tad antisocial, but you doubt that is true: Bill, just like many of your boyfriend’s friends, loves a good party or a night out with the boys and he’s fairly talkative, does funny faces and cracks jokes at moments that are appropriate and not. No, it is something else. Even looking at him now, he appears strangely distant – he looks at you, but through you, as if there is some kind of interesting object behind your back when in reality it’s only a pillow. Wistful, perhaps that’s how you best would dub him. Brooding, maybe, when he thinks no one can see him.

The rain continues to pour, casting a ghostly glow on yours and his faces, “I wanted to talk to you, (Name).” He states simply, no note of seriousness or playfulness – it almost seems like he isn’t that sure how to feel or react, either – “But” His eyes sharpen, “I don’t think you’re going to like it.”

You would be lying if you said you aren’t intrigued. You lean forward, just a bit, enough to hold eye contact with him and shorten the distance between the two of you, even if there’s a coffee table separating you. You try to lighten the mood, pull a lopsided smile on your face and say, “Dude, come on, you can tell me everything.”

He appreciates your enthusiasm, but something in him refuses to even pretend to be happy. He appears cold and unreachable, almost like a marble statue with those bleak mirages from outside playing on his face. Perhaps he knows that his confession will lose you once and for all; perhaps it’s the sting of past heart-breaks that confine him to the façade of indifference, boredom even.

He looks at you and he sees a person that is treated kindly, though unfairly at times. He looks at you and sees a person that’s not the prettiest in the world, but in his eyes – most definitely. He looks at you and he sees a person that loves someone else, while he, in turn,

the shadows of cold autumn rain, harbors love for you and you only.

It takes a moment for him to get his thoughts in line; though he had pondered long and hard what he will say should he chose to say it, it all came out as a jumbled mess of words and misunderstood feelings. In his mind he either spoke too quick or too slow, said little or too much, danced around the subject or was harshly straightforward. He chose to walk to your apartment complex despite the rain, despite the cold weather. He figured that perhaps a splash of water will clear his head, magically offer some sort of a solution. He could not stay quiet any longer. It was impossible to see you with someone else and not even having the courage to say how he feels.

"I like you." He finally says. The world freezes for a moment; reality melts away from a few vowels and constants, the only thing left is the ever darkening sky, his words and the tickle in your palm. You fail to understand, you try to reboot your brain a couple of times but each is futile. I like you. How? As a person? As a friend? No. the realization slowly dawns to you once you meet the look in his eyes: the cold blue irises portray certain vulnerability. His face doesn't show anything. "I like you, (Name)." Your name hits a cord in him, as if it is almost painful to say.

Like a deer caught in headlights you shy away, press your back to the pillow and gulp; the lump in your throat forbids you to take a deep breath, "I-I..." You glance down, "I don't understand..."

"You're different." Bill's voice loses the robotic touch, seeps with genuine emotion. "So different from the rest. *He doesn't know how lucky he is...*" He trails off with a faint smile, "I don't expect anything, if you are to wonder. I just...needed to tell you."

"Get out." You whisper with an inhale.

"What?"

"Get. Out." You repeat through gritted teeth, shutting your eyes tightly as if that would help delete him entirely, "You can't just... Can't just walk in and-and..." There is turmoil inside you, an unruly storm of feelings and confusion and you let it get to your head.

"I understand." Comes his hollow reply. He doesn't say goodbye. Simply leaves you to your misery and silence, doesn't try to change your mind because he knows that he can't. He thinks you love your boyfriend, not him, never him.

That night, when your boyfriend does finally return to you, you have long calmed and said nothing of his friend's visit. Said nothing about the confession or how it made you feel. But couldn't bear to look him in the eye, either.